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I  
AIN'T AFRAID  
OF NO  
CARTOON  
BOOK.

**Special Second Anniversary Issue!**

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**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS**

# The ADVENTURES of JIMMY CORRIGAN

THE SMARTEST KID on EARTH.

ACME  
COMICS

**~Our Story~** BEGINS IN THIS MOONY MIDWESTERN HOME, WHERE WE FIND OUR HERO, DISCOURAGED...

**SIGH**

THERE'S NEVER ANYTHING TO **DO** AROUND HERE!

**I HATE IT! I HATE IT!**

JIMMY? JIMMY, ARE YOU OK? WHAT'S GOING ON?

**FLOP**

**I'M BORED**

**NOTHING, MOM. NOTHING. I'M FINE. HA HA**

**MEEDLING BITCH**

**HOW WILL JIMMY CHOOSE TO SPEND HIS EVENING?**

GEE, I GUESS I COULD EXPLORE THE ANTARCTIC

OR MAYBE GO SOMEWHERE IN THE TROPICS

OR I COULD FIND A WAY OF TALKING TO THE ANIMALS

OR SHRINK TO SUB-ATOMIC SIZE

OR TRAVEL IN TIME!

HA HA LOOK! I'M UNHAPPY!

OR I MIGHT DISCOVER I HAD A SUPER-POWER

OR MANUFACTURE A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY

OR VIEW THE TRUE NATURE OF MATTER

OR I COULD CONTACT ALL MY DEAD RELATIVES...

NO, I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

**I'LL MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE AND GO WATCH PEOPLE UNDESS!**

**SO**

**HA** GOOD--IT'S STILL FRESH-FRESH AS A DAISY!

...NOW TO GIVE MYSELF A GOOD CONT OF THE STUFF

**BUT**

**OH NO**

**I FORGOT! THIS SPRAY IS ONLY GOOD FOR THICKNESSES UNDER 1/8 OF AN INCH. THAT'S BARELY SKIN DEEP!**

JIMMY--JIMMY, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR BATH

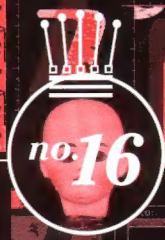
JIMMY?

THIS IS DEFINITELY GOING TO BE A PROBLEM

NEXT: MORE.



ZERO



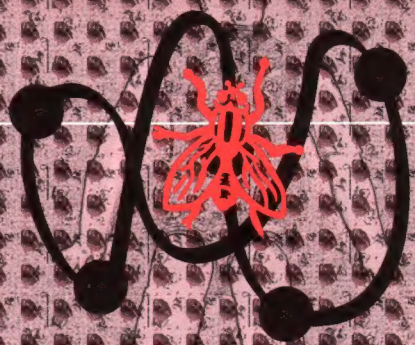
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ONTO COMPUTER  
BEFORE USE

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ZERO

# THE BLOOD-CLOT BOY

AL COLUMBIA 1996

Long ago, there lived an old Count blessed with a faithful Countess and two beautiful daughters. Their family name was *Borofsky*, and they were filthy stinking rich.



Things went smashingly. The idea of having a living relation as far off as *Zoog*, much less a visitor at all, was very exciting to the old Count, and he remained in high spirits throughout the whole meal, entertaining his guest by cracking jokes, spilling his wine, and speaking incoherently in a language he didn't even know.



Much to the old Count's relief, the stranger accepted the proposal enthusiastically, and though the wedding was a small one, everyone drank heavily, danced, and generally had a very enjoyable time. Alongside his daughters, the old Count gave his new son-in-law the family mansion and his entire fortune to boot; such was his happiness after seven glasses of corn beer that no one, not even you or I, could have stopped him. He and the Countess kept for themselves only a little cottage on the edge of the property, where they hoped to settle into their old age free of worldly concern, to devote themselves, as it were, to silent contemplation, and the serenity of mind that only provincial living can afford.

Very rich, but very lonely, as they had no living relations to speak of (The Borofskys being the sole survivors of a once vast and prestigious breed of Vorianian shoe-cobblers, dismissed forever in the wake of the great dragon wars of '47) and still fewer friends, having ceased entertaining the cream of Brassafax society after the birth of their daughters, Ruthie and Lucy, some thirteen years ago. Therefore, all the more poignant and exciting for them, when, after so many years of solitude, they were suddenly visited by an odd little man dressed in peasant clothing, claiming to be a long-sundered relative from Zoog (a tiny, one could almost say *non-existent* province set on the northern coast of the river Gimby-gim). Though the stranger's physiognomy betrayed absolutely no indication of a classic-born Borofsky, the old Count was willing to overlook this; the visitor exuded such sincerity and smiled so good-naturedly that, relation or not, he couldn't help but invite the young man to take advantage of his hospitality, and, without hesitating, begged him to stay for dinner.

Now, it should be stated clearly that the old Count had always wanted a son; though he loved his daughters very much, he had considerable difficulties in marrying them off, and worried constantly about having a proper heir for his enormous wealth. That evening, in a brief moment of profound lucidity, he struck upon a way to fix this problem that had been nagging a hole in his head for as long as he could remember...

AH! I WILL LET THIS NICE YOUNG MAN STAY HERE AND LIVE WITH US AND I WILL GIVE HIM MY DAUGHTERS TO MARRY AND WE WILL ALL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER.



At first, the son-in-law was very good to the old couple and often invited them to their old mansion for dinner, which, under new house rule, had become quite an extravagant affair. The old Count was so impressed with the array of exotic food set before him that, on some evenings, he wondered how this young man could afford it all. Then he would recall, in some detail, the events leading up to his present state of affairs, but then instantly forget again, happy to be in the presence of his benefactor, without whom he'd have nothing, and so on...





Things went on like this for a while and, as the story goes, by and by, the son-in-law began to neglect the Count and Countess. Dinner at the mansion became less than frequent, and then stopped altogether; their weekly allowance of food also diminished, and the last basket that the son-in-law sent over was filled with bad fish, rotten meat, and moldy fruit. The daughters adopted their husband's evil attitude and often helped him play cruel tricks on the old couple. They also used foul language when addressing them and, generally speaking, behaved as one characterized by intense ill-will, malevolence, and spite.

One day, the Old Man went out to Cut-Bank Creek and, while foraging for mushrooms (all of which he found were poisonous), he spotted his son-in-law sneaking hurriedly through a nearby field en route to the Sacajawea Forest, a wood famous in those days for having mysterious and transfigurative properties.



That is to say, the twins forcefully and irrevocably broke their parents' heart, and at a time when they were needed by them the most.



Curious, the Count decided to follow him, and after a while, they came to a clearing where the son-in-law had a little workshop set up. The Count could see many things sharp and deadly in this place, such as knives, cleavers, a scimitar, an axe, and some hooks to hang meat from.



Safely hidden, the Count watched as the son-in-law pulled a yak from his sack and plopped it onto his workbench. (A yak, as everyone knows, is a very rare and sacred animal, a *holy* animal, and only two were known to exist during the time of our story. They say that a yak holds many secrets in its blood and intestines, but that only the abbots of Cromwell know how to read them properly.) The Count, who was spying on his homicidal son-in-law and therefore should have been frightened, on the contrary, felt deliciously happy with the thrill of intrigue and suspense that hung around him. The son-in-law, for his part, began to torture the yak by removing its skin very slowly, inch by inch (so as not to miss any "secrets"), until all the countryside was filled with the animal's high-pitched screaming. *"The more you suffer, the better you'll taste!"* hollered the son-in-law. *"The less I spill, the less I waste!"* Finally, after an hour of this nauseating activity (an activity which nevertheless kept the old Count ecstatically riveted), the poor yak screwed up its eyes and died with a feeble hiss. Then the son-in-law carefully cut it into little pieces and put the pieces in his sack and left the workshop.

The Count waited to be sure he was gone, and then examined the abattoir closely for scraps.

All that remained of the murdered yak was a large clot of blood, which the old Count immediately mistook for a liver. He quickly snatched it up and hurried away.



They filled a pot with water anyway, threw the clot of blood in, and waited for it to boil. When the water began to boil, there immediately came from the pot a noise as of a child crying, as if it were being hurt, burnt, or scalded.



It jiggled in his pocket the whole way home.



"Quick, woman! Put the kettle on to boil! I've brought something back from a BUTCHERING!"

*"Oh! Out hunting! Well, I daresay it's about time you got us something good to eat! What is it? Is it a squirrel? Oh! What is it? Don't keep me waiting! Is it a rabbit?"*

*"X-No... I couldn't say... well, here! Take a look! It's actually just a huge clot of blood! Ha Ha!"*

They looked in the kettle and saw there a little boy...



They were very surprised.



They quickly took it out of the water and the Countess wrapped it in a warm blanket. The child fell asleep right away, but the old couple stayed up long into the night talking things over. They knew that if the son-in-law found out about the little boy, he would kill it, so they resolved to say nothing and hope for the best. They put the sleeping child in their bed and curled up on the hard floor beside him.

The next morning, however, they woke to find the child had grown to the size of a healthy, eight-year old boy...

GOOD MORNING!

SORRY TO WAKE YOU, BUT I WAS A BIT HUNGRY, AND COULDN'T FIND ANY FOOD ... HOW COME YOU HAVE NO FOOD TO EAT?

The old couple broke down and told the Blood-clot boy of their plight. When Blood-clot heard what the wicked son-in-law had done to them, he became very angry. He did not run off half-cocked to take revenge (as most of us would have), but instead spent a little time with the shaken couple to calm their nerves, as well as to collect his own thoughts, so that he could proceed methodically, simply, and honestly when the time came for him to settle their account.

He waited till nightfall to do this. After the old couple had gone to sleep, he walked over to the mansion and pecked in the windows. He could see some figures moving inside, so he went ahead and knocked on the door. Expecting the son-in-law to be a monstrous giant, he couldn't help but laugh when the door opened and there stood before him a little pucker in boxer-shorts, obviously afraid of Blood-clot boy. Without exchanging pleasantries, the Blood-clot boy pushed him back into the house, rolled up his sleeves, and set to work.

Now, after he killed the son-in-law and the hideous daughters, he cut them into little pieces and set the pieces on fire. Then he went about the house and cleaned up the mess they had made. He polished all the fancy bas-reliefs and dusted off the furniture, he removed all the red lightbulbs and replaced them with soft yellow ones, he put fresh sheets on all the beds, and fluffed all the pillows. Once everything was in order, he went back to the cottage to tell the old couple the good news.

GO NOW, GOOD PEOPLE ... GO AND LIVE IN YOUR PARADISE. YOU'LL FIND THAT ALL THE EVIL IS GONE, SO YOU CAN BE HAPPY AGAIN!

AS FOR MYSELF, I THINK I'D LIKE TO WANDER A BIT. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THERE ARE ANY PEOPLE? I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME PEOPLE!

"Well," sighed the Old Count, sad to see the boy go so soon. "Down where the Moon-river and Kilted Creek come together there is a little town. You might find some people there."

Blood-clot assured the Count and Countess that he would be back before they knew it, and then set off for the village.

After two days of tireless skipping, he found the town, but saw no people. In the center of the village there sat a big, brick house sporting a peccant, yet strangely attractive banner...

He instinctively avoided this house and went instead to one nearby, where an old lady lived.

They went inside and the old lady timidly gave him a plate of bad food.

HELLO! I'VE COME A LONG WAY, AND I'M VERY HUNGRY! DO YOU HAVE ANY FOOD FOR A WEARY TRAVELER?

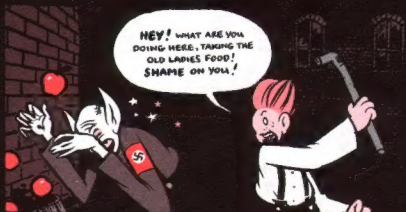
WHAT ABOUT THOSE BARRELS FULL OF APPLES OUTSIDE? HOW COME YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME SOME OF THAT TO EAT?

"Hush! You will be heard!" said she, and then brought her voice down to a whisper, "That food belongs to the Brownshirts, and they are the lords of this town. They force us to do all the hard work, while they take all the spoil. They will be outside when the sun goes down to collect the barrels — you must leave right away! They will kill you!"

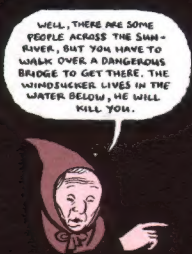
Irritated that a town could have fallen so low as to allow its Grandmothers to be treated so abominably, Blood-clot boy decided that *someone* had to stand up to these brownshirt bullies, and it might as well be him.



The brownshirt ran shrieking back into the building and told the others what happened. Soon, the whole pack came loping outside and slowly approached the Blood-clot boy, who merely chuckled...



He killed all but one, remembering that it, too, was a creature of God, and that if he destroyed it, there would be no more brownshirts left in the world. Instead, the Blood-clot boy had him hog-tied and strung up in the public square, to serve as an object for public scorn, humiliation, and ridicule...



After miles of twists and turns, loop-de-loops, and just plain good fun, the bridge suddenly and very solemnly dipped into the black water, only to be replaced by a mass of smooth, rounded stones that arranged and spread themselves across the river in a dazzlingly symmetrical and dubious fashion.



He made good progress, but the Sun-river was very large and he hopped for the better part of a day. When the coast-line was finally in sight, Blood-clot became very excited, tired as he was from the monotony of bouncing from rock to rock. But just at the last minute, when his concentration was at its lowest ebb, one of the rocks rose out of the water in the shape of a head, and opened its terrible mouth, and swallowed the Blood-clot boy whole. The Windsucker had tricked him.



Once inside the Windsucker's belly, Blood-clot saw a fearful sight. The ground was white as snow with the bones of those who had died. There were bodies with flesh on them; some were just dead, and some still living. Those who were still alive looked very unhappy.



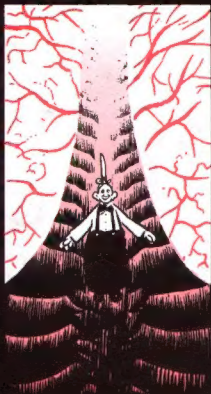
*"You who still draw a little  
breath, try to shake your heads  
(in time to the song), and those  
who are still able to move, stand  
up and take courage! We are  
going to have the GHOST  
DANCE!"*



Then he began to dance, singing the ghost song, and all the others danced with him . . .



The Blood-clot boy jumped up and down as he danced, and going higher and higher, he gathered all the speed of a bullet.



He cut through the base of the Windsucker's brain and burrowed furiously within, killing the beast instantly.



Then he cut through its eye and let all the people out.



They thanked Blood-clot, and told him where he could find more people if he was so inclined. They told him of a town westward of the river, but that he must not take the left hand trail going up, because on that trail there lived a beautiful woman who was always challenging people to wrestle with her. This is what the Blood-Clot boy was looking for. "Ba," he chirped, "This is my business in the world! To kill off all the bad things!"



"Come here, young man, come here. I want to wrestle with you."

NO...NOT-NOW... MAYBE AFTER I'VE RESTED A BIT I'LL COME WRESTLE WITH YOU...



Now, while Blood-clot rested, he saw many large knives sticking up from the ground, partially hidden by flowers and grass. He then understood how the woman killed the people who were foolish enough to accept her invitation.



He let her edge him over to the knives, and as they tinkered over them, Blood-clot saw his chance and suddenly gave the woman a wrench, and threw her down onto the blades, which cut her body in two.



She called out to Blood-clot again, and this time, knowing her game, he went up to the witch and they began to grapple.



And so, the deeper he plunged into the haunted forest, the more keenly aware he became of his own purity and goodness. At the same time, however, he was also aware of being pulled to the source of something exceedingly base, that is, something the complete opposite of himself, something utterly ruined in all character and quality, nature and behavior, and so on...

Blood-clot boy went on, and as he walked, the land around him began to grow black and lonely. Occasionally, a night-jitter would flutter against his cheek, or tickle the back of his neck with icy fingers, but he remained calm. A gigantic whorlwind circled over head and began to attune its song to the rhythms of his heartbeat and breathing, but Blood-clot simply blocked his ears. He came to an ancient forest, where the trees tried to stop his heart with garish frowns and unbending smiles, but he maintained a confident, perky state of mind and continued his promenade beneath their haunted boughs, free from all guile, cunning, and deceit.





By and by, this malignant force revealed itself to be nothing less than the blackest place on earth: the house of the Man-eater. Foe to all men, women, children, and domestic animals.

Across the clearing he noticed a little girl quietly watching him. Sensing that she was waiting for him to do something, he tip-toed softly over to her, and hilariously dead-pan, recited his lines in one clean take:

WATCH CLOSELY, THEREFORE, AND WHEN YOU CAN GET HOLD OF ONE OF MY BONES, TAKE IT AND CALL ALL THE DOGS TO YOU, AND WHEN THEY COME, CRY OUT, 'BLOOD-CLOT BOY, THE DOGS ARE EATING YOUR BONES!'

OKAY

He went up to the house and knocked on the door. The Man-eater was very happy to see him.

HEY GIRLIE, I AM GOING UP TO THAT HOUSE TO LET THE MAN-EATER KILL AND EAT ME!

UH-HUH

AND...UH...MAYBE AFTERWARDS WE CAN GET A SODA OR SOMETHING!

BITCHIN'!

Once inside, The Man-eater took a large knife and went up to the Blood-clot boy and cut his throat. Then he put his body in a big kettle to cook. When the meat was cooked nicely, he drew the kettle from the fire, and ate the body, limb by limb, until it was all gone.

Then the little girl, who was watching closely, knocked on his door and asked him if she could have the bones for her 'starving mother'. The Man-eater bunched up the bones and gave them to her, as if on cue.

When the dogs came, she cried.

THANKS!

BLOOD-CLOT BOY! THE DOGS ARE EATING YOUR BONES!

Again, the Blood-clot boy went up to the house and knocked on the door. Again, the Man-eater appeared, this time feigning surprise, and looking a little bored.

yip!

WHAT A TRICK!

HAHA! WELL ISN'T THIS QUEERER THAN EVER!

Again, he took his knife and cut Blood-clot's throat, and threw him into the kettle. Again, when the meat was cooked, he ate it up, and again the little girl asked for the bones, which he gave her; and taking them out, she threw them to the dogs, crying, "Blood-clot boy! The dogs are eating you!" and again, Blood-clot arose from the pile of bones.

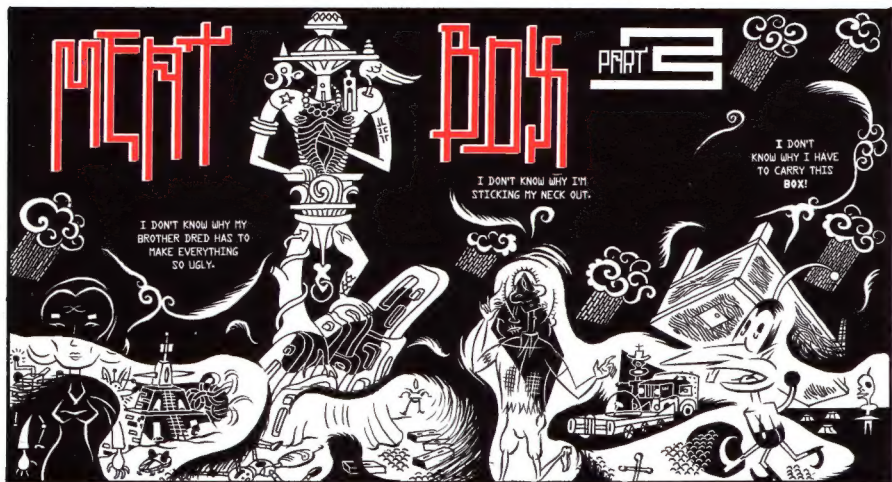
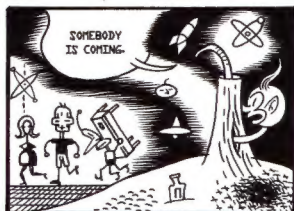
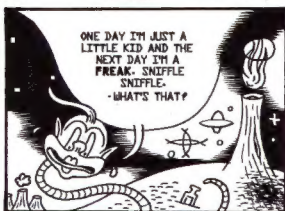
Now, anyone who has gone up against the Man-eater knows full well how this 're-animation' or 'reincarnation' game can be a dangerous one to play, and the odds of ever beating him (it's his favorite game) are pretty slim. The first and foremost reason being his appetite; he will eat you a thousand times if he has to, and he never gets tired and he never slackens his pace. That is why the duel that took place between the Man-eater and the Blood-clot boy is such an impressive one: the details of which are very, very interesting, rest assured, and can be read in any one of the countless volumes of prose and poetry devoted to it.

He and the little girl ended up living happily ever after, having many exciting adventures together...

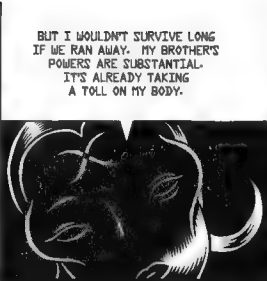
So, without spoiling the ending for you, let us just say that the Man-eater was the sixth (but not the last) of the bad animals that was destroyed by the Blood-clot boy...

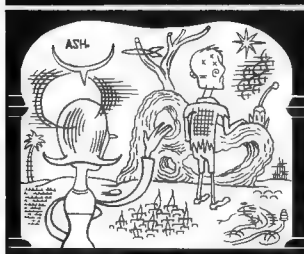
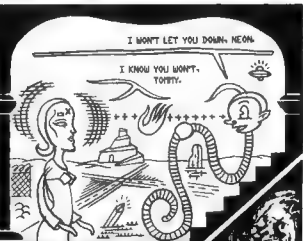
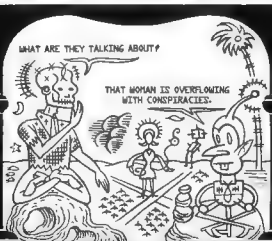
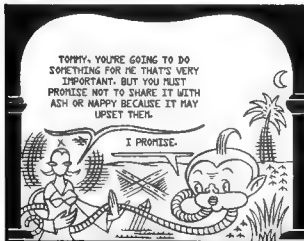
-GLASSA GLASSA

HA HA













"WE HAD A WONDERFUL LIFE HERE UNTIL DRED GOT ADDICTED TO FLAKE. THEN HE BECAME HOOKED ON HIS OWN MADNESS."



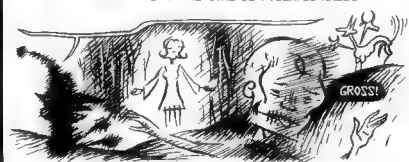
"THAT WAS WHEN HE HAD ME SHUT UP IN THAT BOX. ALTHOUGH THE OUTSIDE OF THE COFFIN HAS A SPELL CAST UPON IT. I'VE MADE SOME INTERESTING MODIFICATIONS INSIDE."



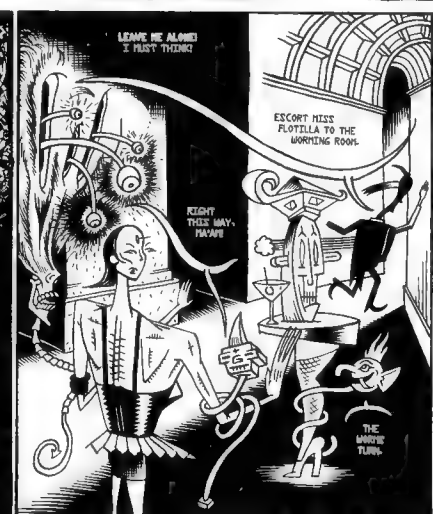
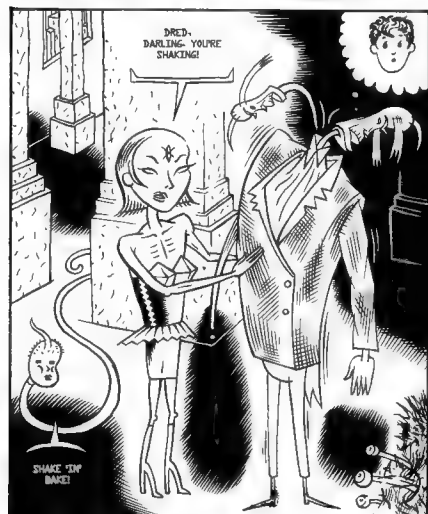
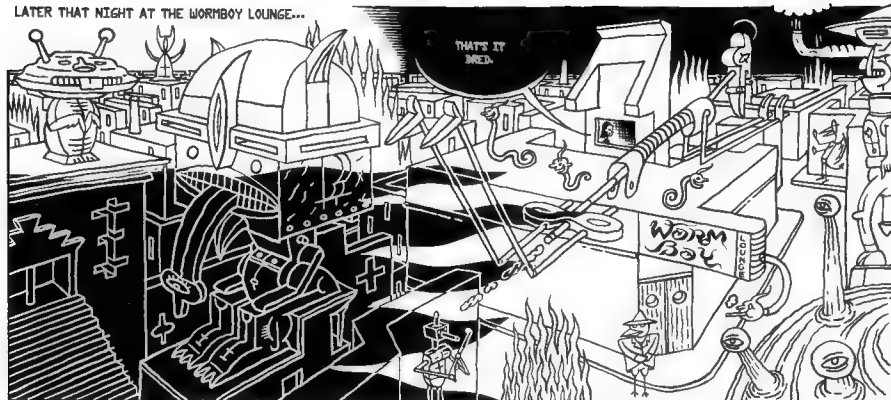
"I'M SO MAD AT MYSELF THAT I LET THIS HAPPEN. NOW I WANT THIS GAME TO END!"



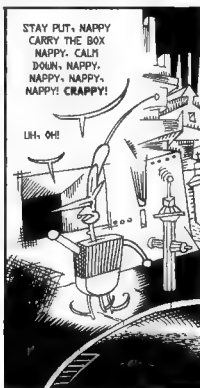
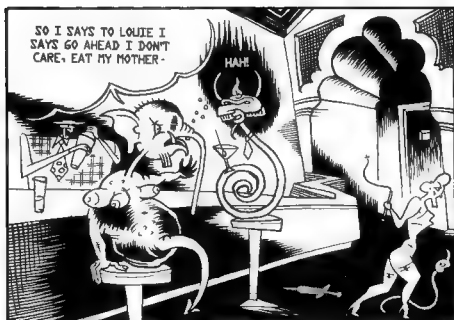
"SHE'LL TRANSMOGRIFY. MY DAD TOLD ME NEVER TO PLAY WITH MYSELF DURING HEAVY WEATHER. I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A FAIRY TALE. GNOME COME IS POWERFUL MAGIC."

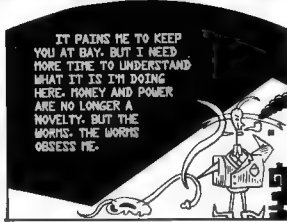
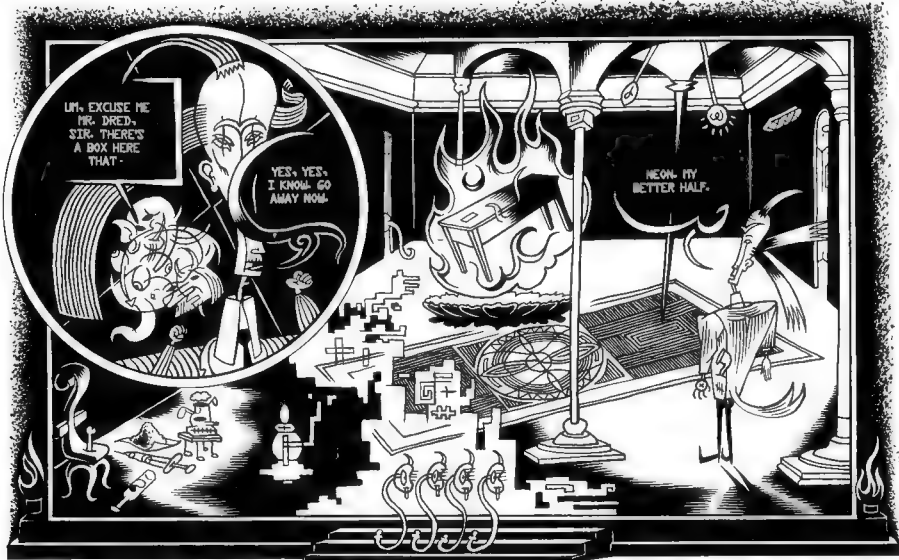


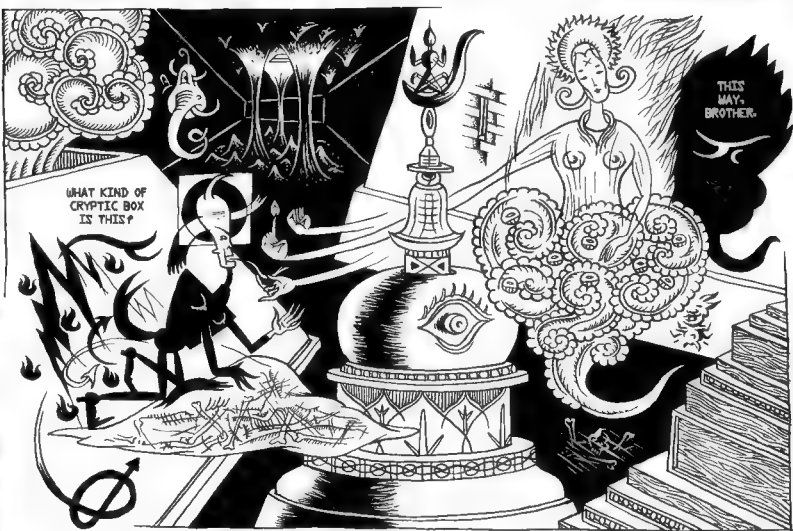
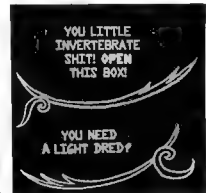
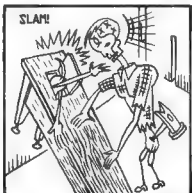
LATER THAT NIGHT AT THE WORMBOY LOUNGE...











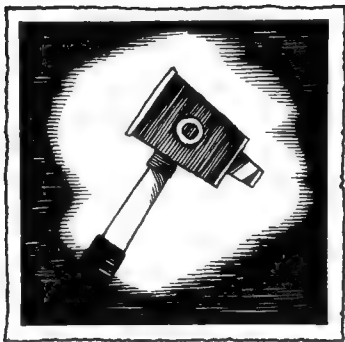
THE END PART 3



# BEYO A RANDOM ACTS OF KINDNESS







# the Chuckling Whatsit

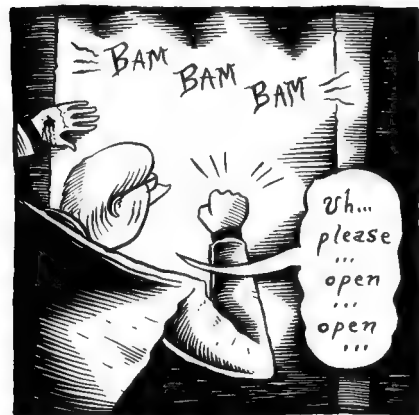
© 1997 Richard Sala

## Previously ~

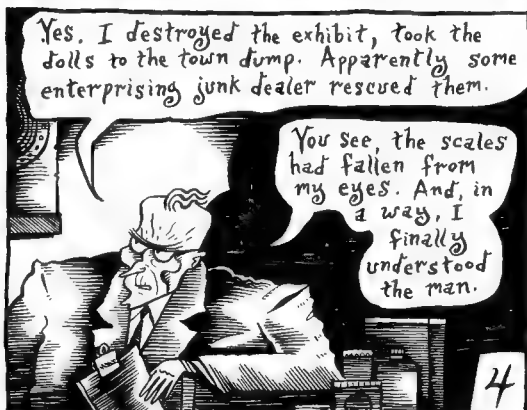
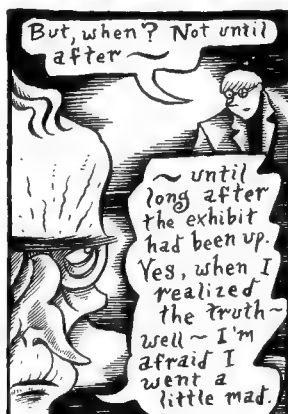
Broom, in Crow's Creek digging into the life of outsider artist Jarnac, learns about Celeste from Dr. Vogardus, and has an unsettling experience in the old windmill, during which he finds ~ then loses ~ the peculiar hanging doll. That same night he encounters the mysterious Mr. Ixnay ~ and ignores a warning to stay in his room. Grabbed by some members of G.A.S.H., Broom is rescued by Ixnay and his agent, Mia Moray, but soon runs into trouble again.













~ He was like a large, dark, predatory bird.  
His victims were, to him, no more than pathetic,  
squirming fish ~ fated to be slaughtered,  
skinned and eaten. ~

Oh ~ ≡chuckle≡ ~  
Forgive me. I  
suppose such talk  
might be upsetting  
to one born  
under the sign  
of Pisces ~ eh,  
Mr. Broom?

Ha ha ~ No, of  
course not! ~  
Hey, how did  
you know I was  
a Pisces?

Oh ~ I happen to be a bit of an amateur  
astrologer myself. As I was saying,  
the reason I ~ dismantled the exhibit  
was because I feared that others  
would inevitably discern the truth:  
That something intended to educate and  
enlighten was, in fact, a grisly  
display of human remains. ~  
≡sigh≡ ~ But I suppose it  
hardly matters anymore.

Okay, let's see if I can ~ for the sake of my  
paycheck ~ sort this story out: About thirty  
years ago, our buddy Jarnac ~ a serial killer,  
nuttier than a fruitcake ~ makes some  
extraordinarily ugly dolls out of ~ uh ~ pieces  
of his victims. These things are very similar  
to one particular doll with a noose around  
its neck, which Jarnac apparently stole  
from ~ er ~ Someone ...

Bet you didn't know  
that that creepy  
chuckling whatsit  
may not have  
been a Jarnac  
original, eh, Doc?  
Just heard that  
one myself tonight.

Anyway, ~ he's picked up for one killing. The cops don't realize they've got the Gull Street Ghoul ~ and he gets tossed into Swann's. That's where you and your wife, Celeste, meet him. He's kept that chuckling doll with him. The other ~ "whatsits" ~ are all hidden in his childhood home, right here in Crow's Creek.

He busts out of Swann's, taking your ~ er ~ troubled wife with him.

Then, fifteen years later, you happen upon him living up here. He sees you, knows his past has finally caught up with him ~ and hangs himself. You discover his body, and all the ~ er ~ thingumajigs ~ naive art, folk art, whatever.



You're intrigued by his obsessive creativity. The guy was a classic outsider artist. So you decide to preserve his studio environment as a sort of museum, for interested parties to study. ~ Although, I've got to say it's kind of strange to enshrine the memory of the guy who ran off with your wife. But I guess that's none of my business.



Let's see ~ where was I ?

Oh okay ~ So ~ ten years ago Root shows up and writes an article about the exhibit. Something about Jarnac bothers him, disturbs him, scares him. He subsequently gives up straight journalism and becomes a horoscope columnist. But he can't forget Jarnac. He probably figured out the whole Ghoul angle.

And you realized it, too, around that same time, ~ right? ~ maybe because of the questions Root was asking. ~

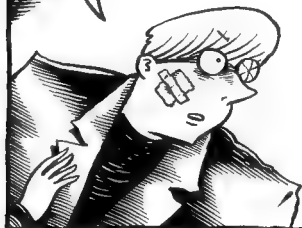
So you trash the exhibit and chuck all the ~ er ~ whatchamacallits.

Soon, though, the Jarnac things are showing up in second hand stores, and collectors, remembering the articles and the exhibit, begin hunting for them.

As Jarnac's cult reputation in the art world grows, Root decides to write a book revealing his solution to the long-unsolved mystery of the Gull Street Ghoul's identity. He returns to Crow's Creek and snoops around, interviews you, and puts the story together like I'm doing. And ~ oh yezh ~ at some point he finds an underground room in the windmill.



Wow ~ I nearly forgot, with all that's happened tonight ~ there was somebody in the windmill earlier this evening ~ somebody who tried to grab me.



Hmm. Probably some derelict. Wayfaring types often help themselves to the shelter the structure provides. And, by the way, I know that mill quite well, and I can assure you ~ there is no underground room.

Really?



Okay. Whatever. Anyway, ~ Root uncovers something important ~ important enough that someone decides to get rid of him. This mysterious someone follows Root to Frisco and spies on him. Root is observed giving his cronies the lowdown on his Tarnac research ~ and, consequently, everyone attending that tea party is doomed.



So what if not one of those stargazers cares a whit about Root's book, his theories, or anything having to do with some folk artist with a screw loose. The killer ~ all decked out as Tarnac's old alter ego ~ doesn't want to take any chances.



My, this is becoming very dramatic and fanciful.

Hey, I know this sounds nuts ~ but there had to be something that Root found out ~ or came close to finding out ~ that got all those soothsayers snuffed.



This neo-Ghoul kills all of Root's confidantes, but can't find the manuscript. That's where I come in ~ purely by accident. A student ~ Abigail ~ swipes it, I now realize, right under my nose.



But the killer is watching and he snatches Abigail, and the manuscript and brings them here to Crow's Creek. The manuscript is ripped up and thrown in the trash. Later it's burned up by some local bumpkin.



I figure Abigail gets free, but ~ is caught. The killer knows me 'cause he tries to implicate me in her murder. But things get complicated by another drama being played out involving some screwy secret society and a labyrinthian revenge plot.



Man, ~ what a headache I've got. Hey, where are those cops anyway? I want to get going.

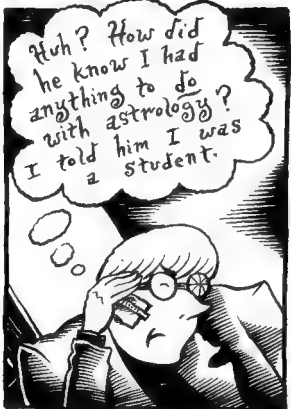


Here, take these. I'll phone the police again and find out when they're coming.

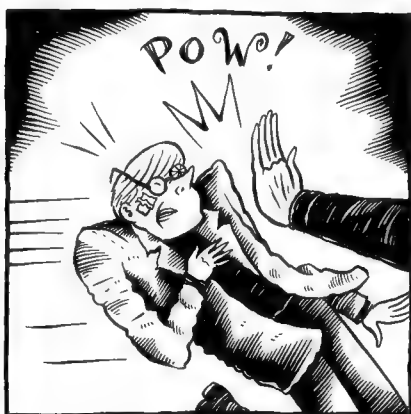
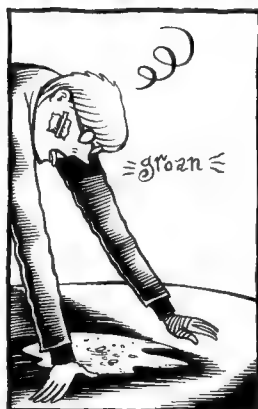


Thanks, Doc. ~ Hey, are you sure that was Jarnac you found strung up in the windmill? Maybe he's really still alive and he's the one doing all the slicing and dicing.









# MID-LIFE CRISIS

PENNY  
VAN  
HORN  
1996

PAULA WAS OUR  
NEIGHBOR AND  
CHILD CARE PRO-  
VIDER. SHE HAD  
BEEN WATCHING  
OUR CHILDREN  
SINCE THEY WERE  
INFANTS.

GOOD MORNING, GIRLS!  
LOOK WHO'S COMING  
TO PLAY WITH JOEY  
TODAY!

I FORESEE  
DIRTY DIAPERS IN  
YOUR FUTURE...

YOU'RE A GLUTTON  
FOR PUNISHMENT,  
PAULA-- THANK GOD!



THANKS,  
PAULA. SEE  
YOU TOMORROW.

WE'RE  
GOING  
TO  
SEND  
VIDA  
TO A  
DAY  
SCHOOL  
SOON.



GOOD, BECAUSE  
I'M PHASING  
OUT CHILD  
CARE SO I  
CAN DO  
PHOTO-  
GRAPHY.

"LET ME  
SHOW YOU  
THE  
DARKROOM  
AND  
STUDIO  
WEVE  
ADDED ON  
TO THE  
BACK OF  
THE  
HOUSE."




HELLO,  
YOU HAVE REACHED  
BLUESKIES STUDIO.  
PLEASE LEAVE A  
MESSAGE AFTER  
THE TONE.

HI PAULA,  
CAN YOU  
POSSIBLY  
WATCH  
VIDA THIS  
EVENING?  
CALL ME,  
OK?

BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE!  
I HAVE ONE CLIENT!  
AND I SPENT ALL OUR  
SAVINGS ADDING ON  
THE STUDIO.







"MY HUSBAND,  
DANNY AND I  
ARE FIGHTING  
CONSTANTLY.  
THINGS ARE SO  
BAD AROUND HERE  
THAT I STARTED  
GOING TO  
CHURCH AGAIN.  
I'M SO  
DEPRESSED!"

JUST AFTER THAT, MY FRIEND  
VICKI AND I DISCUSSED PAULA'S  
SITUATION:

SO WHO'S  
THAT GUY  
HANGING  
AROUND  
PAULA'S?

OH, THAT'S  
BOBBY! PAULA  
MET HIM AT  
HER CHURCH.  
GET THIS!



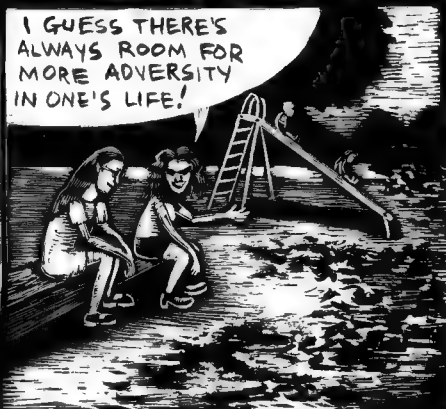
DOESN'T  
PAULA  
HAVE  
ENOUGH  
PROBLEMS  
WITHOUT  
TAKING  
HIM  
ON?



"HE'S  
HOMELESS,  
AN  
ALCOHOLIC,  
AND  
HE'S  
STAYING  
IN  
HER  
DARK-  
ROOM!"



I GUESS THERE'S  
ALWAYS ROOM FOR  
MORE ADVERSITY  
IN ONE'S LIFE!



A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER  
MY HUSBAND CAME HOME  
WITH THIS UNBELIEVABLE  
GOSSIP:



"JACK  
JUST  
TOLD  
ME  
THAT  
DANNY  
CAUGHT  
PAULA  
IN BED

WITH  
THAT  
HOME-  
LESS  
GUY  
SHE  
SAID  
SHE WAS  
HELPING  
TO



REHABILITATE.



DANNY THREW THEM OUT WITH  
NOTHING BUT THEIR CLOTHES!"



JEEZ!

WAS THE ONLY  
RESPONSE  
I COULD  
MUSTER.



LATER  
THAT  
NIGHT  
PAULA  
HAD TO  
BREAK  
INTO  
HER  
HOUSE  
TO GET  
HER  
PURSE



AND THE KEYS TO THE TRUCK.



SHE WIPED OUT THE CHECKING  
ACCOUNT NEXT MORNING...



CALLED VICKI FROM A MOTEL



...AND WHILE DANNY WAS AT WORK,



AND  
GATHERED  
BOBBY'S  
STUFF  
FROM THE  
DARKROOM.



THEY PACKED HER THINGS



THEY MOVED IT ALL TO A TRAILER



ON THE EDGE OF TOWN.



WE HEARD NOTHING  
FROM PAULA FOR A WHILE...

PAULA! WHAT A SURPRISE!  
VICKI'S NOT HERE. WHO'S THAT?



THEN  
SHE  
SHOWED  
UP AT  
VICKI  
AND  
JACK'S



THIS IS  
BOBBY'S  
SON, JESSE.  
IT LOOKS  
LIKE I'VE  
ALREADY--  
SOB! LOST  
CUSTODY

OF MY OWN SON... SNIFF! LOOK,  
I CAME TO BORROW SOME WARM  
CLOTHES TO PANHANDLE IN.



HEY, NOW... LET'S NOT RESORT  
TO THAT. HERE, I CAN LOAN  
YOU TEN BUCKS. WHERE  
IS BOBBY, ANYWAY?



OH, HE'S  
HAVING SOME  
PROBLEMS  
WITH SOBRIETY  
RIGHT NOW.  
NOT FOR LONG,  
I HOPE.

JACK FILLS VICKI IN:

BUT PAULA WON'T EVEN  
FIT INTO MY CLOTHES!

I KNOW,  
KNOW...  
I THINK THIS  
IS WHAT THEY  
CALL "A CRY  
FOR HELP."



HEY!  
BEFORE  
YOU GET  
ON THE  
HORN,  
THERE'S  
EVEN  
MORE  
!!!

AS SAD AS  
PAULA'S  
STORY WAS  
BECOMING,  
IT STILL  
EXCITED US  
BECAUSE OF  
ITS SENSATIONAL  
GOSSIP VALUE.  
WE WERE  
QUICK TO  
UPDATE EACH  
OTHER.



PENNY!  
PHONE.

ONE DAY WHILE DRIVING...

COULD THAT BE PAULA  
UP AHEAD???



THAT'S A  
PRETTY  
UNMISTAKABLE  
SILHOUETTE...

AND THIS MAKES  
IT A LOT CLEARER  
WHAT DANNY MEANT  
WHEN HE SAID:



"NOW, I TOLD PAULA SHE COULD  
COME BACK HOME IF SHE  
GOT RID O'  
THAT BUM...  
HE'S ALREADY  
OUT OF WORK  
SO SHE'S  
SELLIN'  
JERKY  
OUT THE  
BACK O'  
THE  
TRUCK."





SOB! I MISS YOU AND THE KIDS SO MUCH!! AND I MISS MY OWN BABY! SNIFF!

WE MISS YOU, TOO... LONG TIME NO SEE!



DID DANNY TELL YOU ABOUT BOBBY'S LATEST STUNT?

No!



HE HEADED TOWARDS MEXICO. WE JUMPED OUT WHEN HE STOPPED FOR GAS. I HAD TO CALL DANNY TO WIRE US MONEY FOR BUS TICKETS.



"HE GOT DRUNK AND FORCED ME AND HIS BOY INTO THE TRUCK."

IT'S WEIRD-- BUT WHEN BOBBY'S SOBER, HE'S THE SWEETEST MAN ALINE.



FINALLY, HE GOT PICKED UP FOR DRUNKEN DRIVING AND PUT IN JAIL...! SCUSE ME -- LOOKS LIKE A CUSTOMER DRIVING UP.



LET'S SEE SOME OF THAT JERKY!



BUT, PAULA -- YOUR WHOLE SITUATION SOUNDS LIKE A NIGHTMARE! YOU'VE LOST YOUR HOME AND FAMILY FOR THIS GUY?



I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT DESPITE WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK, I'M STILL HAPPIER WITH BOBBY.



WE WANT MORE JOOKY! TOOKY JOOKY!



WHAT A CRAZY SCENE! THIS IS SURREAL!

'BYE PAULA - THE KIDS ARE REALLY TIRED.

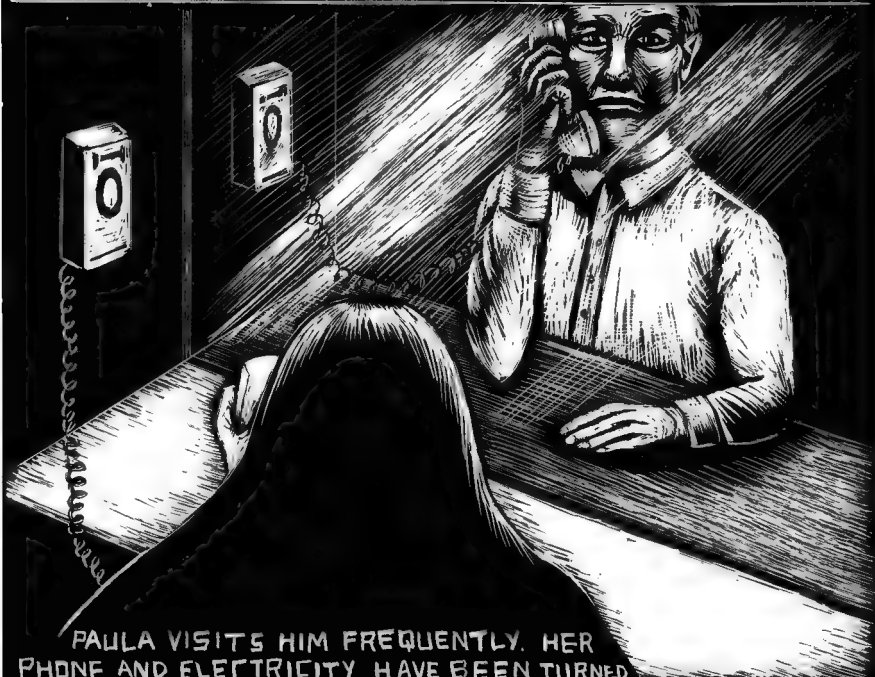




BOBBY REMAINS  
INCARCERATED



FOR ENDANGERING HIS SON'S  
LIFE IN VARIOUS DRUNKEN  
DRIVING INCIDENTS.



PAULA VISITS HIM FREQUENTLY. HER  
PHONE AND ELECTRICITY HAVE BEEN TURNED  
OFF FOR FAILURE TO PAY. WE HEAR THIS SECOND-HAND  
FROM HER EX-HUSBAND. IT SEEMS TO US THAT SHE HAS  
HAD A FALL FROM GRACE, BUT WHO ARE WE TO SAY?

# I love to LAUGH —



## why don't you?

by ALEKSANDAR ZOGRAF





AS A CHILD I WOULD SPONTANEOUSLY SLIP INTO A STATE OF LUCID DREAMING, BY BECOMING AWARE THAT I WAS DREAMING...

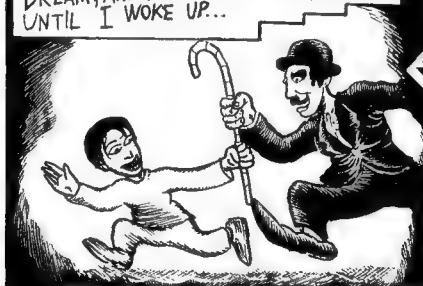
HEY...THIS MUST BE A DREAM!



SO I WAS ABLE TO OCCASIONALLY TAKE CONTROL OVER MY DREAMS, BUT SOMETIMES IT WOULD ALSO TRIGGER THAT STRONG AND IRRATIONAL FEAR DEEP INSIDE ME...



AND I LEARNED TO OVERCOME THAT FEAR BY INTENTIONALLY DIRECTING THE ATTENTION OF MY DREAMING SELF TOWARDS THE FUNNY THINGS...I WOULD SIMPLY LET CHARLIE CHAPLIN ENTER MY DREAM, AND WE WERE JOKING AROUND UNTIL I WOKE UP...



I ALWAYS PREFERRED TO WATCH COMEDIES, MAYBE BECAUSE I RECOGNIZED THE AURA OF IRONY AND LIGHTEARTEDNESS WHICH THEY EMANATED...



BUT WHY DO WE LAUGH AT ALL? IT SEEMS THAT IT IS THE WAY OUR BODY REACTS TO SOME SPECIFIC MOVEMENTS INSIDE OUR MIND...



OR MAYBE THERE IS SOME OTHER EXPLANATION? MAYBE HUMOROUS EXPRESSION SHOULD NOT BE RELATED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE HUMAN RACE? AND HAVEN'T YOU SEEN YOUR DOG BEARING THAT SMILE-LIKE EXPRESSION?





A FEW TIMES IN MY LIFE (INCLUDING  
ONCE WHILE I WAS IN A STANDING ARMY)  
I HAVE EXPERIENCED SOME SORT OF  
TRANCE (OR WAS IT HYSTERIA?) WHEN I  
WOULD LAUGH INTENSIVELY FOR HALF AN  
HOUR OR SO... EVERYBODY THOUGHT THAT  
I WAS CRAZY, OR HAVING A NERVOUS  
BREAKDOWN OR SOMETHING...



...BUT IT WAS ALWAYS A MAGNIFICENT  
EXPERIENCE--TO SEE THINGS AS IF THEY  
WERE FUNNY...WHILE IT LASTED, I FELT  
THAT EVERYTHING WAS SO UNIMPORTANT,  
AND YET SO FULL OF MEANING...



OR COULD IT BE THAT THESE 'HYSTERICAL'  
FITS OF LAUGHTER ARE JUST THE NATURAL  
WAY TO RELEASE YOURSELF FROM THE NEGATIVE  
ENERGY... I REMEMBER AN INCIDENT FROM  
THE TIME WHEN I WAS WORKING IN  
AN ANIMATION STUDIO... IN ORDER TO MEET  
THE DEADLINE, WE HAD TO FINISH THE  
EPISODE OF THAT INFANTILE  
ROBOTIC-ANIMATED TV SERIES...

HURRY... WE HAVE TO  
FINISH THIS EPISODE, OR  
ELSE WE ARE DOOMED!

GOD-DAMNED  
FLYING  
BEARS!



WE WORKED LATE AT NIGHT, AND  
EVERYBODY FELT LIKE WE WERE UNDER  
GREAT PRESSURE, AND THEN TWO ANIMATORS  
SUDDENLY JUMPED FROM THEIR SEATS  
AND STARTED TO IMITATE THE FIGHT  
OF THE TWO MONKEYS...



EVERYBODY WAS LAUGHING LIKE  
CRAZY, BUT AFTER SOME TIME WE  
FELT RELAXED, AND IT HELPED US  
TO FINISH OUR DARN JOB...



SO... HUMOR WILL SET YOU  
FREE, MARK MY WORDS!

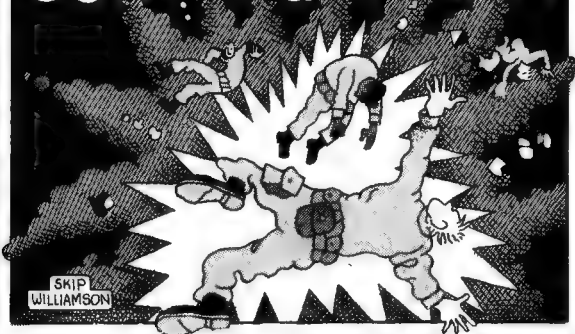


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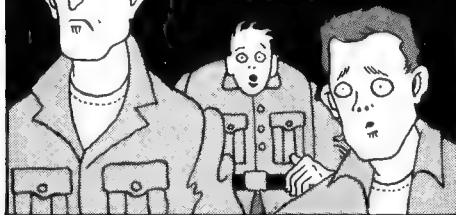
THE TALKS BROKE OFF, AM-  
BASSADORS WERE RECALLED.  
IT WAS...



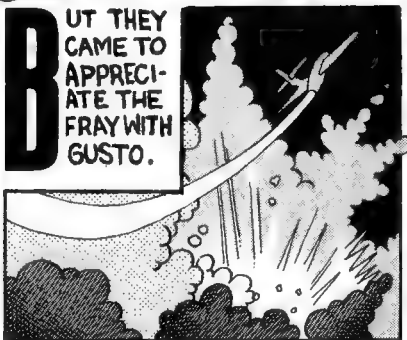
# CONELAGRATION



THE YOUNG CONSCRIPTS  
WERE AFRAID AND  
UNWILLING.

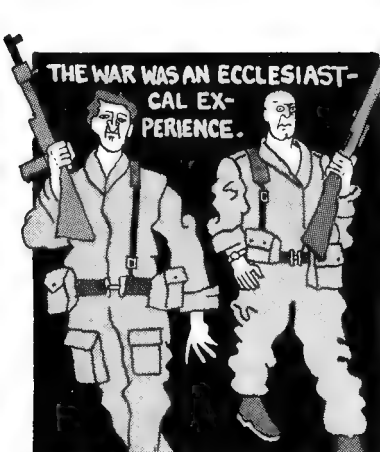


**B**UT THEY  
CAME TO  
APPRECI-  
ATE THE  
FRAY WITH  
GUSTO.



THEY GAINED AN EPIPHANY ON THE BATTLEFIELD. THEY BECAME  
THE BEARERS OF THE FIERY CROSS, THE AGENTS OF THE JIHAD.



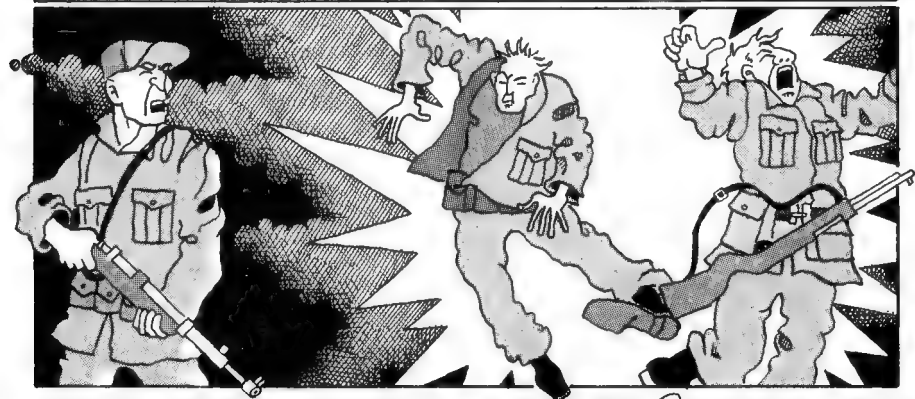


THE WAR WAS AN ECCLESIASTICAL EXPERIENCE.

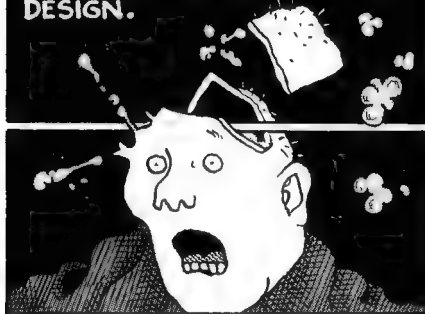


THE IMMOLATION WAS EXCITING AND OMNIPOTENT. AND THEY CAME TO LOVE THEIR WORK.

HOWITZERS AND GRENADES SPLATTERING FLESH AND SPLINTERING BONE WERE A CORROBORATION OF GOD'S RANDOM ANGER. THEY WERE PARTICIPANTS IN A GRISLY DIVINITY.



THE INCONTROVERTIBLE SLAUGHTER WAS AT ONCE INDISCRIMINATE YET OF CELESTIAL DESIGN.



THE ANGEL OF DEATH WAS STILL AN ANGEL.

SO WHAT WOULD THEY DO WHEN  
THE WAR ENDED?

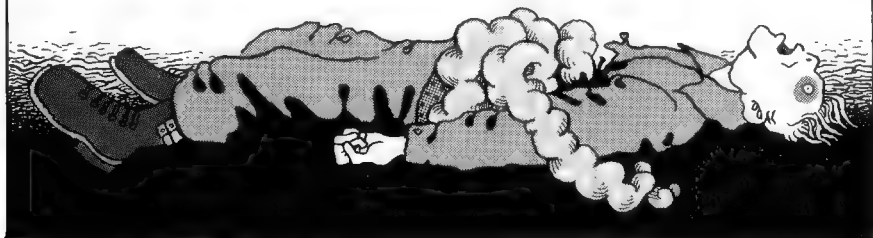


THE WAR WAS VISCERAL MEAT.  
HOME WAS THIN GRUEL.

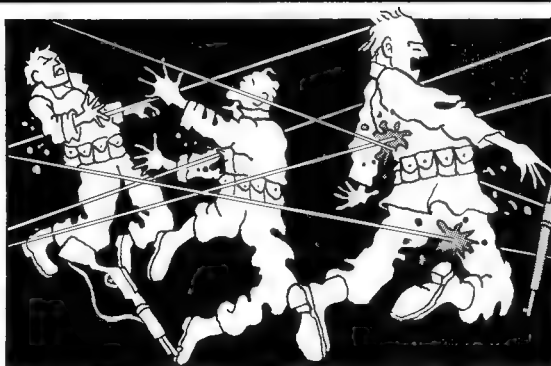
AT HOME THEIR AB-  
SENCE WAS TENABLE...



... BECAUSE THERE WAS A WAR TO BE FOUGHT. AT HOME IT WAS  
NOT CONCEIVABLE THAT THEIR LOVED ONES WOULD PREFER  
THE EDGY SLAUGHTER TO HOME AND FAMILY. BUT TO THE  
REVERENTIAL WARRIORS...



... HOME WAS AN IRON  
CAGE OF NESTING INSTINCT  
AND A PANTHEISTIC COM-  
PROMISE TO SOCIAL ORDER.



THERE WAS NO GOD THERE. NO ANGRY SPIRIT.  
NO ARMAGEDDON OR ARTFUL BEDLAM.



THOUGH WHOLESALE BUTCHERY WAS TRANSCENDENT, THE HOARY GENERALS AND GEEZERLY DESPOTS WHOSE MINISTRY DIRECTED THE CONFLICT WERE EARTHLY AND CAPRICIOUS. SO BEFORE LONG COVENANTS WERE HONORED AND ALLIANCES FORGED.



GARRISONS WERE DISBANDED.  
BATTALIONS WERE  
DEMOBILIZED.  
POLITICIANS  
PREENED.



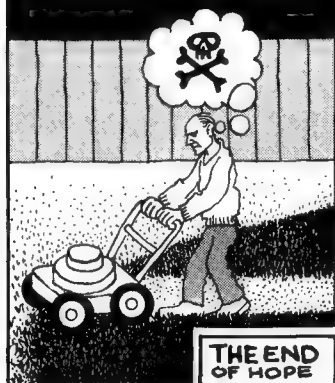
IT WAS AN EVIL DAY FOR  
THE DOGS OF WAR.



THE TROOPS, CONSECRATED BY THE DOXOLOGY OF BLOOD, WERE REASSIGNED TO THE BOSOMS OF THEIR FAMILIES WHERE...

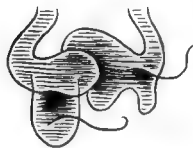


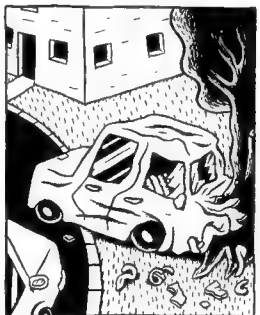
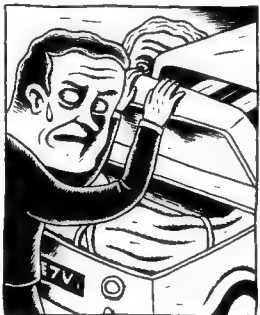
...INSTEAD OF EPIC BATTLE, THEIR MISSION WOULD BE TO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE.

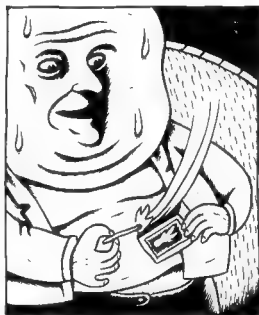


THE END  
OF HOPE

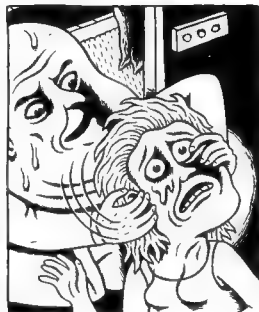
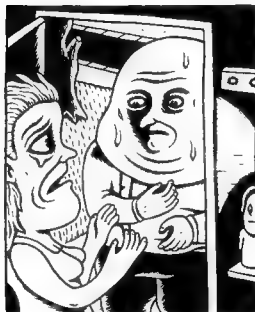
# Silent Stories

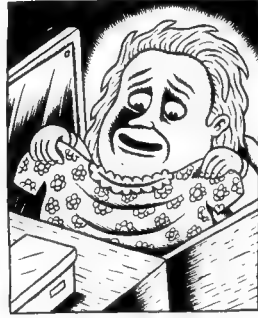
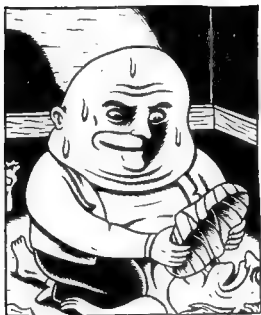






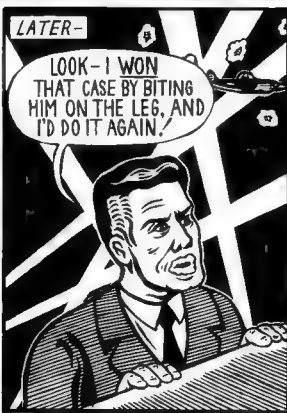
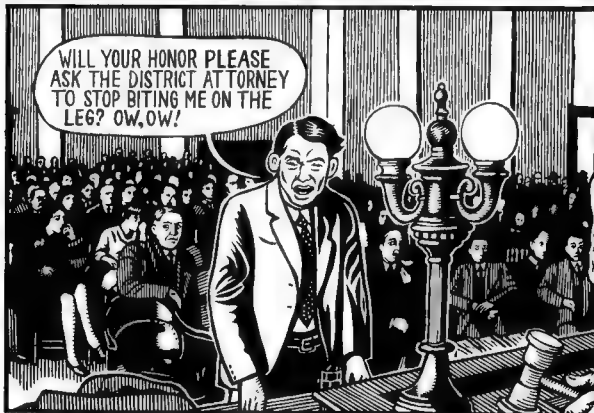
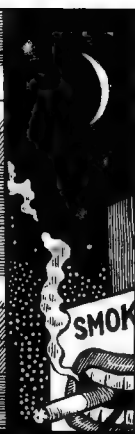


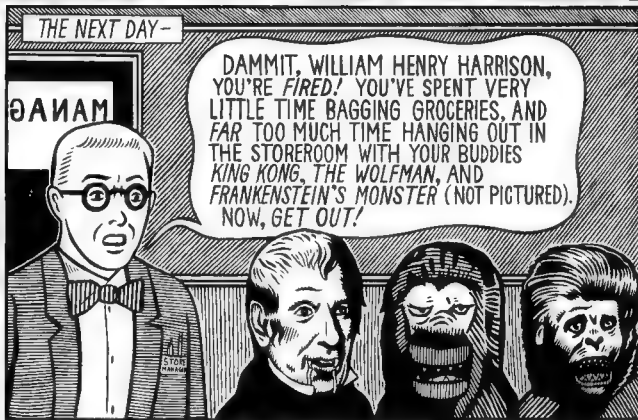
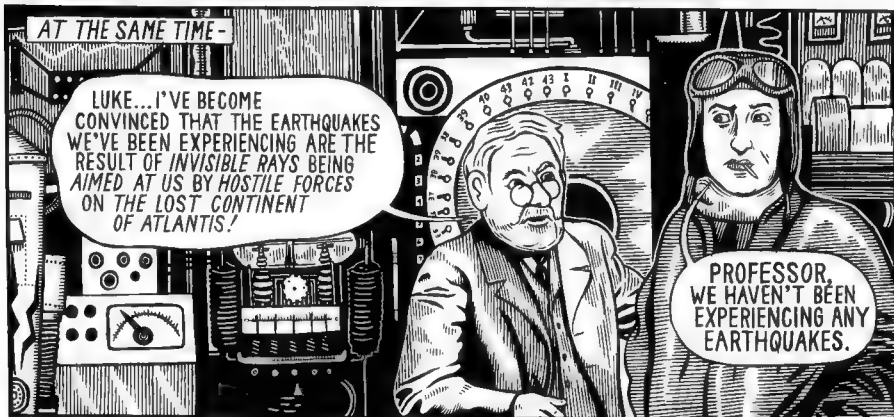
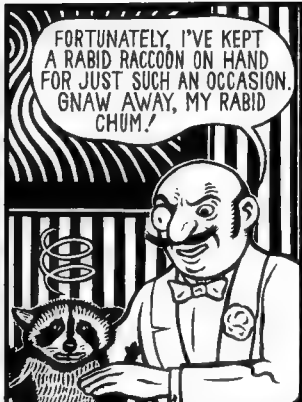




# RABID

## DISTRICT ATTORNEY





AND, NEARBY—

THAT RACCOON  
MAULED ME SILLY! BUT I'M  
STILL NOT RABID!

MEANWHILE—

♪ I'M A BUTCHER ♪  
SLICING MEAT. THAT'S  
MY JOB, LA DÍ DA ♪  
♪ DÍ DA ♪

MR. BUTCHER? WILL YOU  
COME AND VISIT A LITTLE BOY WHO'S  
VERY, VERY SICK IN THE HOSPITAL?  
IT'D MEAN A LOT TO HIM, FOR  
SOME REASON.

YES,  
OF COURSE.

OH,  
EXCELLENT.

AT THE HOSPITAL—

WHAT CAN I  
DO FOR YOU TOMMY?

I'M PATHETIC,  
AREN'T I?

YES... YES,  
YOU ARE.

THEN DO  
THIS... ONE  
THING FOR ME...







ON NEWSSTANDS NOW:

MARCH NO. 8

**CRIMINAL**

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

ONLY 10¢

HE WORKS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW!



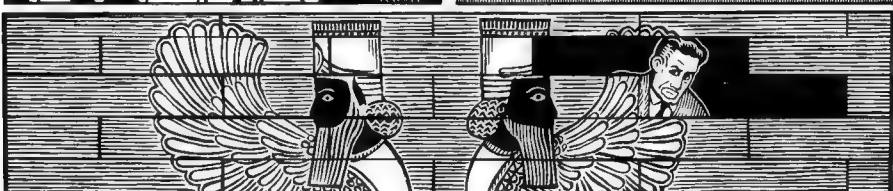
MARCH NO. 14

**FLYING DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

ONLY 10¢

YOU'LL BELIEVE A DISTRICT ATTORNEY CAN FLY!

THESE GANGSTERS TRIED TO TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE - BUT THEY FORGOT HE COULD FLY!




AW SHIT! RUNNING OUT OF FUEL...

WELL... AIM'T GOT ANY FUCKING IDEAS SO I'LL  
TELL YOU A PATHETIK STORY ABOUT...

CHRONIC THROAT  
INFECTION

THE WHITE PAGE  
SYNDROME

...ABOUT WHAT  
I SEE FROM  
MY WINDOW!?!  


# THE MAN from the SEWER

IN THIS TOWN  
YOU KNOW  
THERE'S MANY  
KIND OF  
FREAKS!

DOWN WAY

HELP!

HELP!

AT THE CAR ACCI-  
DENT, CUT YOUR  
FACE WITH THAT  
BUTCHER KNIFE!



THE GIRL IN FRONT OF  
THE "FLUX CENTER  
INSECTARIUM"



NEAR MAMILLA PARK,  
A BUUNCH OF AMPUTED  
FROM THE "BILL  
COARSCUT HOSPITAL"

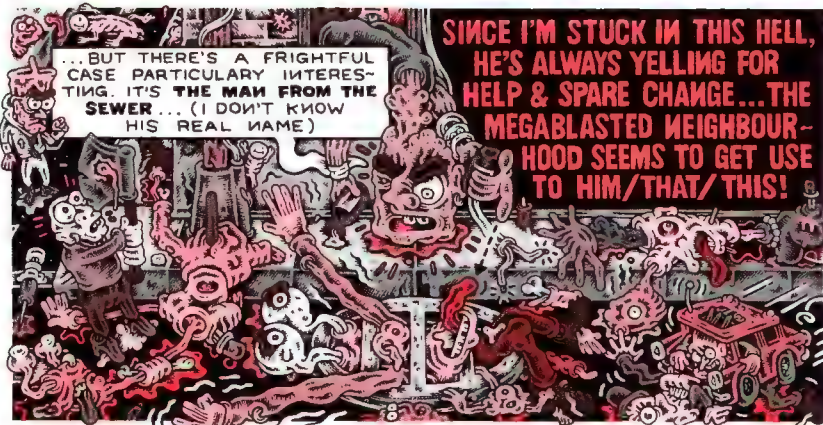


BLOBS FROM URETHRO-  
PIA ROBBING THE  
"MONGO BONGO  
DICK BANK"...

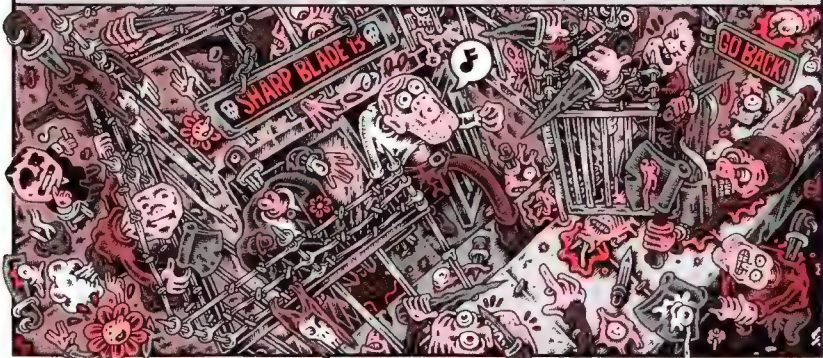


...BUT THERE'S A FRIGHTFUL  
CASE PARTICULARLY INTERES-  
TING. IT'S THE MAN FROM THE  
SEWER... (I DON'T KNOW  
HIS REAL NAME)

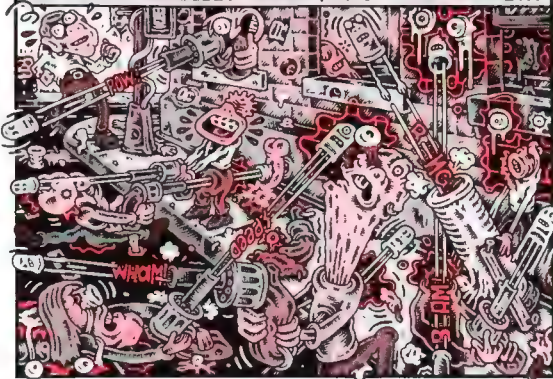
SINCE I'M STUCK IN THIS HELL,  
HE'S ALWAYS YELLING FOR  
HELP & SPARE CHANGE...THE  
MEGABLASTED NEIGHBOUR-  
HOOD SEEMS TO GET USE  
TO HIM/THAT/THIS!



BY THE SACRED EXPLODED JEOVAN'S PUTREFIED BOWELS! IT HAPPENS ALL  
THE TIMES!!! WHEN A STRANGER CAME AND, BY AN INCREDIBLE LUCK,  
CAN ESCAPE THE "SHARP BLADE" SUBWAY STATION, END OF GREY LINE 13...



...AND IF, AFTER A PERILOUS SHORT WALK  
ON "RED McBULLET ROAD", HE'S STILL ALIVE...



INFALLIBLY, THE JERK  
STUMBLE UPON THIS  
MAD, "SOCIAL PAIN"!



MILLION OF ENCODED  
GERMS! CAN... CAN A-  
NYBODY REMOVE THIS  
POOR GUY OUT? GNIH!  
SEEMS TO BE STUCK  
REAL TIGHT! GHAN!



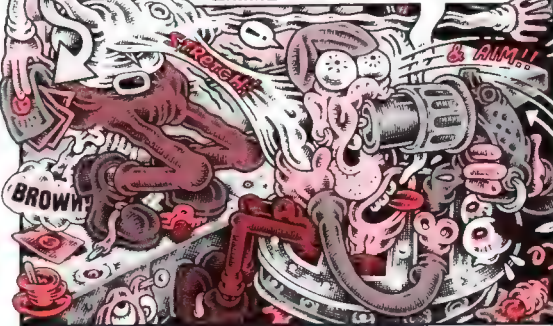
FORGET THAT MAN! THERE'S NOTHING TO DO  
IN THIS WORLD OF CHAOS & DESORDER...

BUT... (SOB!) WHAT CAN I DO  
TO SAVE YOU FROM YOUR...  
(CRY!) POVERTY HOLE?



...AND... AS HE SHOW OUT IS WALLET...

HOLD YOUR DIRTY HANDS UP YOU  
FUCKING RETENTIVE ANAL HUMAN FART!!!  
GIMME ALL YOU GOT!!!

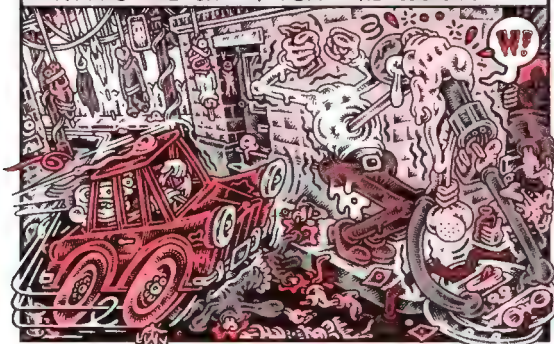


HELP! HELP!  
I'M THREATENED!!!



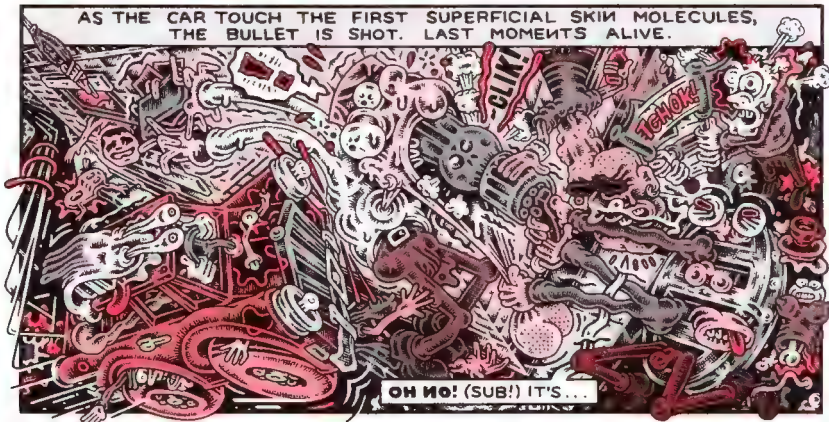


AND IT'S NOT FINISH! AS USUAL, A STOLEN CAR EMERGE FROM EMBALMING BLVD AT ULTRA FAST SPEED!!! IS IT A DRUNK ACCESSORY? ... WAS THE CRY OF HELP THE SIGNAL?

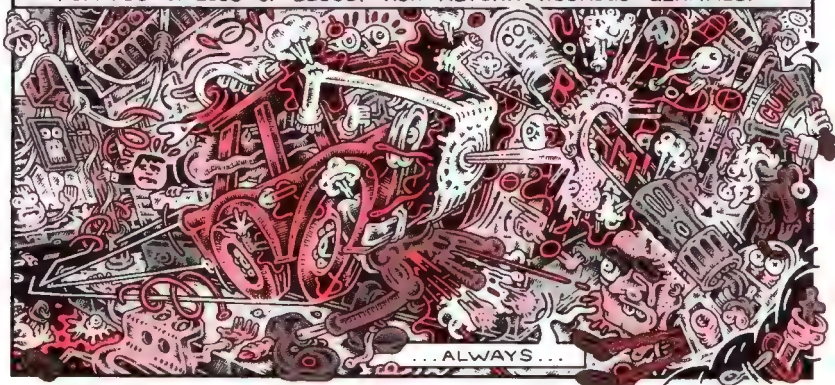


**THE NEXT 4 FRAMES  
AREN'T A PART OF  
THE STORY SO ...  
... YOU CAN TEAR  
THEM OUT IF YOU  
WANT AND I ...  
DRAW THAT TO ...**

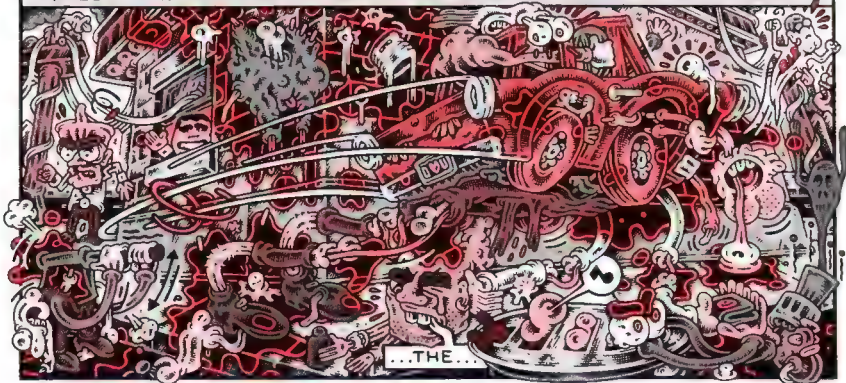
AS THE CAR TOUCH THE FIRST SUPERFICIAL SKIN MOLECULES, THE BULLET IS SHOT. LAST MOMENTS ALIVE.



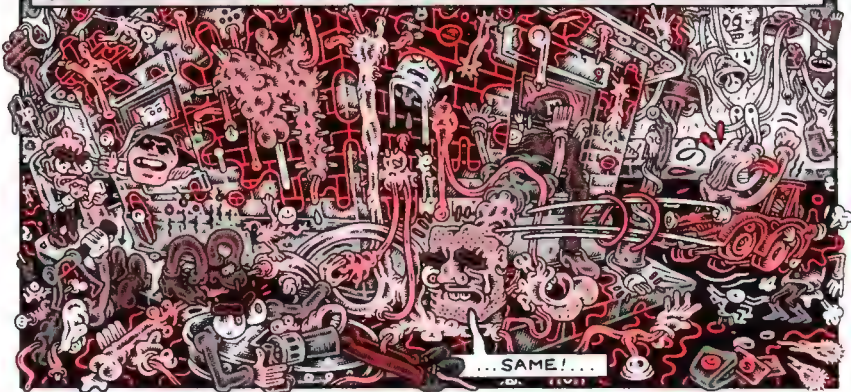
INSTANT DEATH. BRAIN & CRANIUM EXPLODED. FIRST BONES FRACTURES. POPPYDOWN LOSS OF BLOOD. NON-RETURN WOUNDED GENITALS.



HIP & PELVIS MULTIPLE BREAKINGS. INTESTINES, BOWELS & GUTS AT FRESH AIR. REMAINS OF BRAIN ON WALLS. MELTED SPINAL CHORD.



DEEP MEGA~SUPER HOT & PURPLE MAD HUMAN STRIPPED BODY MESS.



...TO GIVE YOU A  
GOOD LESSON YOU  
GAWK: OVERLOCK  
YOU AT HOME AND  
DON'T PLAY IN THE  
\*! TRAFFIC!!!

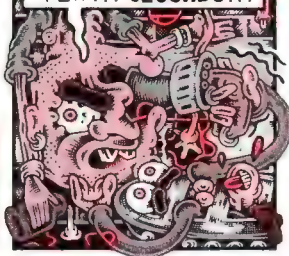
*The end*



...THE...  
END?



WELL... (SWALLOW!) FOR  
FURTHERMORE INFOR-  
MATIONS PLEASE RE-  
FER TO YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSPAPERS 'CAUSE  
I THINK I'M GONA BE  
PRETTY FUCKING  
BUZY FOR THE NEXT  
FEW... SECONDS...





13¢ - OUR DAILY - **THICK BROWN PASTE**

**SUPERB HUMAN BODY SPLASH!**

ORGANS ARE WELL PROPORTIONNED ON THE AMBER BRICK WALL & IT'S MIXING SO WELL WITH THE SHADES OF YELLOW, RED & BROWN... A GREEN TOUCH OF PUTREFIED MOSS ADD POETRY TO THE BUCOLIC SCENE... (MORE INSIDE)

Join the  
**SECRET  
SEWER SOCIETY**

TERRORIZE, KILL & RAPE, ABUSE, MEMACE & MASSACRE! NATURAL LAW & BULLETS FREE SHELTER FOR MORE PLEASE CALL IT'S A...



...SO...



WANT TO SEE SOMETHING HEAVY? GO TO <http://lis.int-mrs.fr/le-dernier-ord/> DON'T WAIST YOUR TIME READING THE STUPID TEXT AND GO DOWN THE PAGE. CLICK ON

"henriette valium"



IT'S THE PROHIBITED BOOK CALLED "CURÉS MALADES" (SICK PREACHERS)

FIND OUT BY YOURSELF WHY THE FRENCH EDITOR KICKBACK...

AND... WHAT ABOUT YOU? BIG VALIUM OPENSLOT!!!

FRANKIE! NO WAIT!

**DONT PULL THE TRIGGER!**

I'M... I'M STILL SEMI-PROFESSIONAL AND I DIDN'T GET PAID YET AND... I'VE DONE ALL YOU'VE ASK!

**SHUT UP YOU STINKY CRAWLING VOMIT!!! I'LL FIX YOU LATER BUT NOW, I WANT METHADRINE!... AND A EXTRA-LARGE ALL-DRESSED ANCHOVYS PIZZA! AND ALSO ... TEKILA AND...**

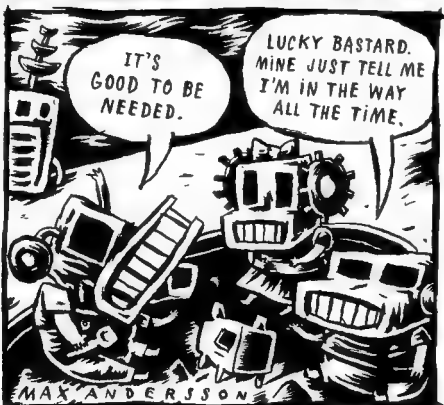
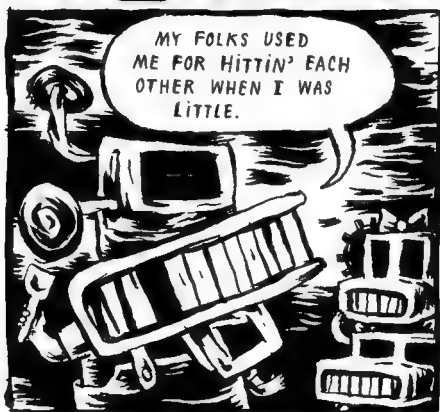
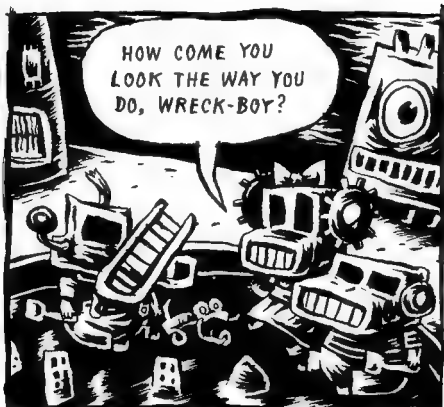
(IT'S A HELL!)... YES  
... MASTER!!! ...

AT THE SHOTGUN SOUND, INJECT YOU THIS...

**DRAWINGS & SCENARIO**

*Henriette Valium*

IT'S NOT MY FALSE...





# back issues



5

## Ordering info

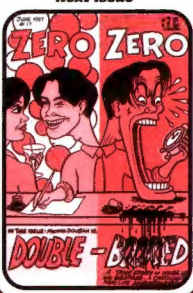
All the items listed on this page can be ordered from:

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS,**  
7563 Lake City Way NE,  
Seattle, WA 98115.

(All back issues of ZERO ZERO are \$3.95 except for #8, which is \$5.95.) Just add \$3.00 shipping to any size order (except for a subscription, which is \$18.95, \$20.95 outside the U.S., for five issues). Mail your order to the above address — or, if you have a Visa or MasterCard, call it in at 800-657-1100.

Even if you don't have any money, write us and we'll send you a **BRAND NEW** full-color catalogue of all the things you can't afford to buy!

## Next Issue



### 1 ZEROZERO1

(March/April 1987)  
TED STEARN premieres "Fuzz and Pluck." PAT MOSKOWITZ and CHARLES JURKOWSKI team up, plus MAX ANDERSSON, DAVID COLLIER, GLENN HEAD

WIND HOLZHAN, FRANK STACK, HENRIETTE VALIUM, J.R. WILLIAMS, and a jam by KIM DETCH and MICHAEL DOUSNAU

### 4 ZEROZERO4

(August 1988)  
"Meat Box" by KAZ and GEORGEANNA debut, plus COLLIER, a TED STEARN dream story, JEFF JOHNSON, CAROL TYLER, MAX ANDERSSON, a MARK BEYER "Sign of the Apocalypses," plus AL COLUMBIA

2-color "I Hate Killing When Killing Isn't Cool!"

### 7 ZEROZERO7

(Jan./Feb. 1989) Special Christmas story by MAX ANDERSSON, 8-page "Best-World" by BILL GRIFFITH, "Molly's" middle chapter by DETCH, plus GILBERT HERNANDEZ, ARCHIE PRENTISS, and an "Apocalypse" back cover by DAVE COLLIER.

### 8 ZEROZERO8

(March/April 1989) Big ol' anniversary issue, kicked off with a CHARLES BURNING cover, plus two-color "Ser-Boy" by ARCHIE PRENTISS, "Numb!" and "Molly O'Brien," AL COLUMBIA, DAVID COLLIER, "Non-unculus," TED STEARN, MIKE DIANA, MAX ANDERSSON, VALIUM centerpiece!

### 5 ZEROZERO5

(Sept./Oct. 1988) JOE COLEMAN cover! CHRIS WARE frontpiece! JUSTIN GREEN back cover! BOB DETCH, MAX ANDERSSON's "Dance of the Cuddly Critters Factory," Part 2 of "Meat Box," "Whistal," COLLIER, and another episode of "Homunculi."

### 6 ZEROZERO6

(Nov./Dec. 1988) KIM DETCH's adventures "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dane!" Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," "Chuckling Whistal," DAVID COLLIER, SKIP WILLIAMSON, PENNY VAN KORN, GLENN HEAD, and a full-color "Sign of the Apocalypse" by RICK ALTERGOTT.

### 9 ZEROZERO9

(May/June 1989) SKIP WILLIAMSON takes a trip down draggy lane! Virgin ZZ forays from SAM HENDERSON, STEPHANE BLANQUET, and the trippy duo of SUSAN CATHERINE 'n' OSCAR ZAPATE, plus "Whistal," COLLIER, and a HENRIETTE VALIUM back cover.

### 10 ZEROZERO10

(July 1989) DREW FRIEDMAN cover! Eight pages of HENRIETTE VALIUM's new "Moose" story by SAM HENDERSON! Plus, a SKIP WILLIAMSON back cover, a "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON, JEFF JOHNSON, DAVE COLLIER, AL COLUMBIA, DORF, "Homunculi," & "Whistal."

### 11 ZEROZERO11

(August 1989) DAVE COOPER's epic "Crumples" begins with a big ol' 17-page chapter! Plus STEARN, SALA, KAZ, MAZZUCHELLI, ANDERSSON, COLLIER, and a back cover by Trailer Trash's ROY TOMPKINS!

### 12 ZEROZERO12

(Sept./Oct. 1989) MAX ANDERSSON returns with "Death," his biggest and dearest story since *Pinky P. RESS* and JOANIM PINNEN make their ZZ debut! All this plus COLLIER, COOPER, DOUSNAU, and SALA, and a back cover by now-often-than DAN CLOWES!

### 13 ZEROZERO13

(Nov./Dec. 1989) Big, big chapter of "Fuzz and Pluck!" Also, SAM HENDERSON's "Secret Assets," SKIP WILLIAMSON's "Suddenly Things Turned Ugly," plus "Homunculus," "Whistal," COLLIER, JIM BLANCHARD back cover, and the return of "Homunculi" by DOUG ALLEN!

### 14 ZEROZERO14

(Jan./Feb. 1990) STEPHANE BLANQUET cover, and the first two-count-ten-two of many "Secret Stories!" MIKE DIANA's TERRY LOREN! Plus, more "Crumples," and a back cover by KIM DETCH!

### 15 ZEROZERO15

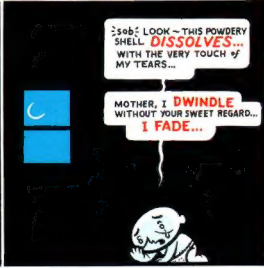
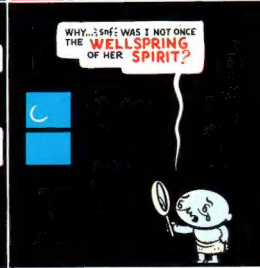
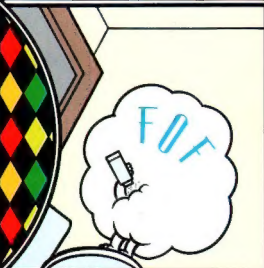
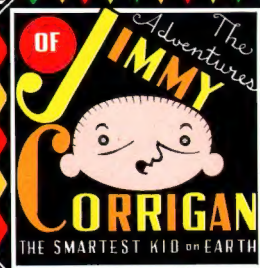
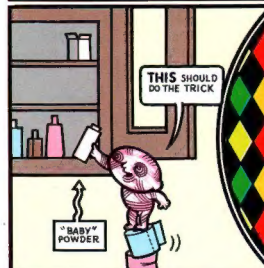
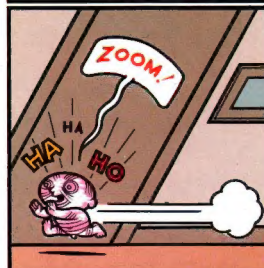
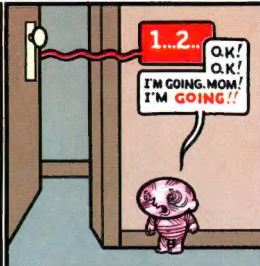
(March 1990) JOE SACCO goes to Burma with his first major comics story since *Plutonium* Plus COLLIER, RESS, COOPER, VALIUM, SALA, HENDERSON's "Girly Stamp Guy," and a "Sign of the Apocalypse" by COLUMBIA!

**APOLOGIA:** On the back cover of our previous issue, "Walpurgisnacht" was rendered with an additional — and quite improper — "c." ZERO ZERO regrets this error and sincerely and humbly offers its fullest apologies to AL COLUMBIA and his family; and, most importantly, to you, dear reader, for any undue distress that may have resulted. We could shy claim some orthographical liberty to cover our obvious stupidity; but, no, my friends, that would be dishonest. Shamed by this most grievous error, MARC ARSENAULT (our art director since issue #8) shall be leaving ZERO ZERO upon completion of this issue. Mr. Arsenault's plans include climbing the Brocken to cultivate his love of solitude and other weak and idle themes...

Marc is also the art director for the brand new Fantagraphics title **STEVE DITKO'S STRANGE AVENTURING TALES**, the first issue of which should be just a few racks away from ZERO ZERO at your local comics emporium. If you think the stories in ZERO ZERO are weird, you ought to check out this latest bizarre masterpiece from the classic SPIDER-MAN and DR. STRANGE artist — you'll love it, we promise!... On the art director front, BRAD ANGELL, late of Fantagraphics' distribution department, will move into the ZZ art-director slot beginning with #17; wish him luck, for "most every other ZZ art director has gone crazy and fled after a few issues..." RICHARD SALA wants your love! Write him at 2625 Alcatraz Avenue, Box #183, Berkeley, CA

94705 to receive a list of original art for sale and other goodies. By the way, Richard promises that "Chuckling Whistal" will in fact end two issues from now, but we've heard that before... DAVE COOPER wants your forgiveness! He missed his deadline this issue, but "Crumples" will return next issue!... Special thank-yous to this issue's co-listers: JEFF JOHNSON (who colored the Kaze cover), AL COLUMBIA (who finished up "Blood Clot Boy" during a recent sojourn in Seattle), HENRIETTE VALIUM (who nearly went insane doing color indications for his own "The Man From the Sewer"), and RICK ALTERGOTT (who nearly went insane following Valium's color indications on "The Man From the Sewer")... Auf Wiedersehen for now! —ED.





## THE SIXTEENTH SIGN OF THE IMPENDING APOCALYPSE:



BEAUTY IS NO LONGER SKIN DEEP, AS NARCISSISTS WORLDWIDE TAKE BODY MODIFICATION TO ITS ULTIMATE CONCLUSION. DISSATISFIED WITH THE AESTHETICS OF THEIR INTERIOR ORGANS, THEY SET UP CLANDESTINE TRANSPLANT LABORATORIES TO SUPPLEMENT OR CONTRAVENE MOTHER NATURE'S INADEQUATE EFFORTS.

*Illustrated by: Krystine Kryttre*





